
Title: Hand of Evil

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In an age before time, in
a time before dawn
awareness came into
being. From awareness
grew the gods that gave
birth to existence.

Existence split into a
multitude of planes fed
from the power of the
Gods which claimed and
ruled over them from
their great thrones.

A time came of conflict
between the gods and war
broke out. The great
powers released in the
wars that followed
reverberated through time
and split the essence of
awareness in two, chaos
and order. These forces
showered the planes of
existence and created a
child, balance. The Gods
ungoverned by balance
suddenly found themselves
exiled from the planes
now controlled by these
energies and thus were
forced to carry on their
battles from a distance.
Some set their thrones
in places such as the
heavens, the ethereal, the
abyss and oblivion.
The backwash of these
latent powers from the
Great Wars gave birth
to Minions within the
forces of chaos and
order. The minions were
influenced by the power
from which they were
formed, thus did the
heavens grow lighter and
the depths darker. Thus
did their minions go forth

and continue a war in the
name of their parent
powers.

In an age forgotten the
Dark One rebelled against
this exile and reviled that
which stood between the
forces of light and
darkness and a final
Armageddon. He sought to
rule over more than the
plains that were formed
from his force; he sought
to rule all. He foresaw a
time and an age when the
gods of light would
become unwary and less
guarded, a time when he
could effect balance and
use the planes of
existence as a stairway
to gain the heavens and
quench the light with
darkness forever. Thus
did he begin to plot and
plan from his throne in
the depths of the ebon
abyss.

It is said the fires of
the abyss did come alive
in that age. Fires of
intense heat so hot the
earth itself cracked and
shuddered as fingers of
flame shot toward the
heavens in mockery. The
Dark One put abyssal
forges to work to create
that which would be his
gateway, his key, his
weapon to achieve his evil
aim. Items forged from
the rarest ore of the
abyss then engorged with
power and the darkest of
enchantments as he lay
his hand upon each, the
hand of evil.

Unto carefully chosen
minions were they given
residing in the deepest
depths of dungeons in the
planes above giving them
power to rule and
corrupt in their upper
caverns. Ages passed and

the items did take their
toll even upon the vilest
of minions for the items
did seek new hands
whenever they sensed a
greater power and deeper
depth of evil born unto a
heart.

Ages came and went and
it was believed when the
great cataclysm of the
shattering of the gem of
immortality occurred
these items became lost
and faded from knowledge.
Sleep they shall until the
day their Master awakens
them or the enchantment
which lays upon them
once more becomes aware
of an evil powerful
enough to draw them and
possess them.

It is fore told the Hand
of Evil shall awaken and
the artifacts shall seek
each other until the day
falls they shall be whole
again. Then shall they
summon their creator
through the possessor in
a wave of dark power
that will touch the
smallest of life. The
gateway will be opened
and the essence of the
Dark One will be brought
forth. In a final bloodbath
of ritual war will the Evil
One be given form within
the boundaries of order
and chaos through the
Hand of Evil, bringing him
closer to the heavens and
the light he would see
extinguished forever.